The Watch Tax.

NOW time, tho' it quickly flies,
And a journey ſo ſoon doth make,
Yet Billy, the youth, is ſo clever,
Determines that time he'll o'ertake;
Mounted, and ready to ſtart,
Guinea-pig'd out for the match,
Reſolv'd to have fine ſport,
And a tax for to lay on each watch.

CHORUS.

So here we go up, up, up,
And there we go down, down, down-ee,
Five ſhillings muſt pay for a clock,
And for wearing a watch half-a-crown-ee.

Lord how the Jews will ſtare,
And grumble the tax ſhould be ſo,
'Twill ſpoil the ſale of their watches,
Which have but one fault—they woh't go!
Look at the vatch young man's,
Which I unto you will ſell,
Here's honeſt little Iſaac
Will ſwear that it goes very well.

There's Bobby Thimble, the taylor,
With a chain to a pincuſh'on ty'd,
At Bagnigge Wells how he ſtruts,
Few can with him compare for pride;
What's o'clock? is the queſtion,
A half-crown thinking to catch,
Lord how the exciſeman will ſtare
At a pincuſh'on 'ſtead of a watch.

There's old Goody Mumble-a-Cruſt,
With a clock ſhe has had many years,
To part with ſo uſeful a thing
Twill fill the old lady with tears;
O Billy, O Billy, ſays ſhe,
At taxing you'll ſure play your part,
I wonder you don't tax the Thames,
And bottle it off by the quart.

Now Two-to-One's in the meſs,
On a watch very little he'll lend—
One guinea?—you aſk too much,
I cannot advance it, my friend;
Watches and clocks are drugs,
The uſe of them almoſt put down,
Seven and ſixpence I'll lend,
And pay for the tax half-a-crown.

Now cock-a-doodle do
Shall ſerve us inſtead of a clock;
My dear, it is time for to riſe,
I can tell by the crow of the cock.
Pincuſh'ons we'll wear for watches,
Chains hanging down to the knee,
And when for the money they call,
From the watch tax we ſtill ſhall be free.